C 97-20

University of Toronto • Faculty of Music • Walter Hall • March 13, 1997 • 12:10pm

THURSDAY NOON SERIES

Music & Poetry

presents

poetry by
Antonio Machado and e. e. cummings
set to music by
Luigi Dallapiccola, Derek Holman and John Hawkins

Prof. Ray Skyrme *(Dept. of Spanish and Portuguese, U of T)*
Prof. Eric Domville *(Prof. Emeritus of English, Trinity College, U of T)*

Teri Dunn, *soprano*
John Hawkins, *piano*
Sarah Jeffrey, *oboe*
Julia Seager, *harp*
David Luginbühl, *vibraphone and glockenspiel*

Programme

Prof. Skyrme will introduce the work by Dallapiccola - settings of four poems by Antonio Machado.

Quattro Liriche di Antonio Machado (1948) — *Luigi Dallapiccola (1904 - 1975)*
per Canto e Pianoforte

Teri Dunn, *soprano*
John Hawkins, *piano*

Prof. Domville will introduce the Holman and Hawkins works - settings of poems by e. e. cummings.

SIDE II

i thank You God for most this amazing (1987) — *Derek Holman (b. 1931)*
(from Laudes Creationis)

* **if there are any heavens...** (1996) — *John Hawkins (b. 1944)*

Teri Dunn, *soprano*
Sarah Jeffrey, *oboe*
John Hawkins, *piano*
Julia Seager, *harp*
David Luginbühl, *vibraphone and glockenspiel*

* *first performance*

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I.

La primavera ha venido.
¡Aleluyas blancas
de los zarzales floridos!

Spring has come.
White alleluias
from the flowering bramble bushes!

II.

Ayer soñé que veía
a Dios y que a Dios hablaba;
y soñé que Dios me oía...
Después soñé que soñaba.

Yesterday I dreamed that I saw
God and that I was speaking to God;
and I dreamed that God heard me...
Afterwards I dreamed that I was dreaming.

III.

Señor, ya me arrancaste lo que yo más quería.
Oye otra vez, Dios mío, mi corazón clamar.
Tu voluntad se hizo, Señor, contra la mía.
Señor, ya estamos solos mi corazón y el mar.

Lord, You have torn away from me what I most did love.
Hear once more, my God, my heart cry out.
Your will is set, Lord, against my own.
Lord, now my heart and the sea are alone.

IV.

La primavera ha venido.
Nadie sabe cómo ha sido.

Spring has come.
No one knows how.

Antonio Machado (1875-1939)

i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

from XAIPE *1950*

if there are any heavens my mother will (all by herself) have
one. It will not be a pansy heaven nor
a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be (deep like a rose
tall like a rose)

standing near my

swaying over her
(silent)
with eyes which are really petals and see

nothing with the face of a poet really which
is a flower and not a face with
hands
which whisper
This is my beloved my

(suddenly in sunlight
he will bow,

& the whole garden will bow)

from W (ViVa) *1931*

e.e. cummings (1894-1962)